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quence, pride and ambition, the faults to which his nature was most exposed, were suffered to riot without restraint; and that hence proceeded the display of arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, and oppression, by which it must be confessed that his career was disfigured."

The Bishop adds, that nature had not denied him certain amiable qualities of the heart, and that he possessed in a considerable degree many of the social and endearing virtues, as appeared by the warm and steady affection with which he was regarded by his family and intimate friends. This it has never been attempted to question; but it lies like a feather in the scale, against the great weight of evil with which his character is loaded, in the description we have just now copied. We look not to his private life, but to his conduct as the Master of Trinity College—and we hesitate not at inverting the words of Doctor Parr, and pronouncing, "*that the College was eminently right, and Bentley infamously wrong.*"

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

(AN INCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN ROAD.)

"Hallo, waiter."

"Coming, Sir."

"Has my horse been fed?"

"He has just had his oats, Sir."

"Did you see that his near hind shoe was secured, as I desired?"

"All's right, Sir: the smith is only this moment gone."

"Well, my good fellow, please to have him saddled and brought round in about half an hour; meantime, you may amuse yourself by making out my bill."

The servitor vanished, and the gentleman was left alone to his meditations and a pint of port. He was evidently an old and experienced traveller, well appointed in all respects for the road; he was a stout-built, well-fed Englishman, exhibiting that thoughtful and practical expression of countenance which so much characterises the man of business in the sister island. He had already travelled twenty Irish miles, and nearly the same number yet intervened between where he then was, and the village at which he purposed to put up for the night. He had not been long in Ireland; and the tales he had read and heard repeated (too often grossly exaggerated) of pikes sixteen feet long, of houghings, burnings, and other aboriginal amusements, had not conveyed an over-favourable impression regarding the country he had undertaken to journey through. Evening was fast closing in; and when from the window he looked on the wide black bog through which his road lay—presenting as it did, after a heavy day's wet in November, a dismal contrast to the level surface of the English 'turnpike road,'—and then turned alternately to the pleasant turf fire which glowed upon the hearth, and to the fine old wine that sparkled seductively in his glass, he sighed at the thought of resigning the comforts which these conferred, for the cheerless misery which that presented. He was not a man, however, to be easily depressed; so, finishing his port, and ordering a few more sods to the fire, he mixed, by way of a finisher, a fiery tumbler, strongly impregnated with the 'spirit of the mountain.' He then turned his huge 'Petersham,' so as to acquire more of the genial influence of the blazing turf, and proceeded to examine his arms. These consisted of a

case of pistols, splendidly mounted, feather-sprunged, and detonating. Having perfectly satisfied himself that no tricks had been played with their charges, he placed them carefully in the two breast-pockets of his great coat, situated inside the lining, so as to protect them alike from damp and prying observation. With such companions, he thought himself capable to face Collier,* or even Captain Rock himself, should either venture to oppose him. The waiter now entered, and announced that his horse was ready; so, settling his bill, he arose, and tying a silk handkerchief round his throat, and pulling on his large 'fearnought,' mounted his horse—a fine strong animal, who answered his rider's caress by a spirited neighing; then, placing in his mouth a lighted cigar, and slipping a *douceur* into the ready hand of the officious hostler, who, in rather a mysterious tone, wished him "safe journey," the traveller rode off.

The night was becoming pitchy dark, and the rain, driven full in his teeth by a biting gust, was falling fast; but his horse, which possessed great strength and action, having been well refreshed, bore him gallantly; and after an hour's good going, he calculated upon having distanced the inn eight or nine miles. As he advanced, however, the road became more hilly, broken, and difficult, and was in some places so narrow, that he was in danger of being swamped in the deep drains which ran parallel on each side, and he was therefore obliged to dismount and lead his horse by the bridle. Having proceeded a little further on, he came to where four roads crossed, and seeing a light in a miserable hovel, which was situated in a small field, a little from the way-side, he secured his horse to a tree, and advanced towards it, in order to ascertain his way correctly. His path, though short, like some passages in music, he found very difficult to get through. He had sunk knee-deep in the mire, and on attempting to cross a trench, fell into a pool of green and stagnant water, scrambling out of which, he straightway found himself in the company of a portly animal, "*epicuri degrege porcum*," who, with her infant progeny, had been enjoying a profound repose. The noise occasioned by his unceremonious *entrée*, seemed to cause great alarm in the hovel; the rushlight which had gleamed from the four-paned window (three of straw and one of glass) was instantly extinguished, and a loud and boisterous chorus became hushed in silence. Having made good his entrance, he found himself in a small earth-floored room, furnished with a deal table, flanked by low forms of the same material; at the head of the table sat three men, dressed in dark freize coats, all busily employed in inflicting summary justice upon a coarse cheese of home manufacture, and oaten-bread, while occasionally they made acquaintance with a large black bottle, whose contents appeared somewhat more calorific than "blessed water from the spring." At the lower end of the table sat the mistress of the establishment, and four ragged half-starved children, engaged at their vesper-time meal, composed of that root which Malthus vituperates, and Sadler praises.

Our friend having procured the necessary information, requested the assistance of one of the youngsters, to guide him through the difficulties of the way. While he was speaking, he observed that one of the freize-coated personages, a pale, thin, determined-looking man, was eyeing him most scrutinizingly. Accompanied by the boy, the traveller took his departure—previously, however, requesting the company to feel

* The author is incorrect here; Collier confined his practice chiefly to the Northern line of business.

no uneasiness from his visit, for he was neither a spy nor a still-hunter, a proctor nor a process-server on a professional tour. As he left the room, he noticed that the opposite apartment was used as a stable, and contained three horses ready saddled in their stalls. Having passed the most difficult part of the road, "Good night, my fine little fellow," said the traveller; "you have conducted me safely—and here is a shilling for your trouble."

The boy closed his hand fast upon the coin; and, running home, entered the room, exclaiming, "Mother, mother, look what the gintleman sint you—a white shillin'!"

"A shillin', you gossoon!" said the woman, holding it up to the light; "for a shillin', its mighty heavy an' yallow intirely."

"You *omadhavn*! isn't it a *suvin*—a raal goolden one," shouted the pale man, as, rising, he snatched it from her, and in his impatience struck with a hazel switch his astonished companions. "Blood an' fire, boys," he continued, "what are yees at? Don't yees see the gintleman is gone, that threw away his *suvrins* as if they war fardins, an' carries no smaller change than yallow goold. What a beautiful *dish of throu* we let slip through our fingers,"—an he bit his lip in vexation.

"It's not too late yet," said one of his comrades; "an a canther will do us no harm."

"Thru for you, a *bouchal*; so I'll just fresh prime the poppers, an' be with yees in no time. Whelan, bring out the horses."

In two minutes the robbers were in full chase. Through the stillness of the night air, the hurried tramp soon reached the ears of the pursued. "There is no use in flying them," thought he, as the terrible suspicion burst upon his mind; "they are fresh, and I am weary; I will, therefore, await them, and prepare for the worst." He then took out a pistol, cocked it, and drawing up his horse, held the rein tightly, prepared for the attack. They were now up with him.

"Ha, the three of them!" exclaimed he, as, turning an angle of the road, they broke upon his view. "The long odds are against me; but the knowing ones may be taken in."

"Stop, stop!" shouted two of the villains, riding furiously up, and halting one at each side of him—while the third held back in the rear.

"Who dares stop me? Cowards, stand off!" exclaimed the traveller, sternly.

"Be aisy now, my darlind," said the pale-faced ruffian, "an' we'll be civil to you,"—and at the same time both the robbers were covering him with their short carbines—"we only want whatever loose cash you may happen to have about you; an', to save both of us throuble an' unaisiness, give it dacently."

A shot from the traveller cut short this harangue; and the robber's horse, startled by the report, broke away, leaving his rider dead upon the ground.

"Oh, ye murtherin' thief," roared one of the remaining assailants, "you've kilt my brother; but it'll be the dearest shot you ever fired;" and, as the echo of the traveller's pistol died away, a ball from the carbine passed through its victim's back. The gentleman reeled, but fell not; and with instinctive courage, wheeling round his horse, sprang the bayonet of his discharged weapon, and with all the energy of coming death, stabbed his slayer to the heart. They fell together to the earth, gory and lifeless.

Early next morning, the inhabitants of the village of B— were surprised at the appearance of a horse straying through the street, with

a broken bridle, and saddle stained with blood. The alarm spread; and search being made, the bodies were found lying as they fell—the clothes of one of them torn, and his pockets rifled. None of them could be recognised; they were all strangers in that part of the country. The requisite forms of the law were complied with; and after the inquest, the remains of the unfortunate gentleman were decently committed to the earth. A case of handsome pistols were found on the fatal spot, which were deposited with the sheriff of the county—sole memorials of the dead. Time rolled on, and mystery still dwelt upon the matter—until even the memory of the dead had well-nigh passed away.

About seven years afterwards, however, a man having been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, in the assize town of T——, sent for the governor of the gaol, the night before execution, and presented him with a small copy of “Falconer’s Shipwreck,” as a memorial of his sense of the kindness he had experienced from him; but he made no confession whatever. In a blank leaf were the initials, “W. H.” which were found to correspond with those engraved on the pistols that had belonged to the murdered traveller. F. S. B.

MEDICAL LECTURES.

DOCTORS MACARTNEY, LEAHY, AND GRAVES.

There are few things more provoking than after looking forward with high expectation to some particular occurrence, and making every thing give place at its coming, to find some trifling casualty upsetting all our well arranged plans. Thus, determining to catch every syllable of Dr. Macartney’s introductory display, we arrived in time, and yet were in some measure disappointed. On entering the court-way, we found by the college oracle that we had some minutes to spare; and not desiring to imbibe more than *quantum sufficit* of the lecture-room atmosphere, we joined for a while the peripatetic philosophers in the park. Soon, however the deep and sweet-toned bell “tolled forth the hour of one,” shattering a golden chain by which our imagination communicated with the starry spheres, and bearing in its awful chime Macartney’s mighty name. At a pace by no means dignified—for haste has some unpleasant associations—we entered the well-filled room—when, lo! we found the learned lecturer, arrayed in his toga, and perched, not vulgarly upon his legs, but comfortably on that fundamental portion of the body, through which school-boys are said to acquire wisdom, and holding forth to his deeply attentive audience, much in the same style that we remember, in younger years, the prince of the birchen sceptre uttering forth his solemn nothings at “breaking-up time,” on “silver Saturday.” Well, as might be expected, we felt no little chagrin at being cheated out of the learned Professor’s exordium, by his following his own time-beater, in preference to that university authority by which we were guided. However “at once getting into the middle of the subject,” as a philosopher once advised, we placed ourselves on a bench close by the Professor’s chair; and, whether it proceeded from our own ruffled temper, or from the rays of light obliquely falling from the window, and giving a yellow tinge to the paper he held before him, we thought it appeared much soiled and tossed, as though it were not the first time it had been thumbed over. This quickening our perception, or more properly our recollection, it was not long before we became sa-